UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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Original Poetry.

THE STILLING OF THE HARP.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

It breathes no more as in olden time
The loved familiar strain—
Of long and good pursuit not in rhyme.—
When will it breathe again?
It trembled but when summer's breath
Was sultry on the air,
It ceased before the old year's death,
And left no music there.

There may be few, there may be none,
To raise its waking chords,
Who hailed it when it first began,
And listened for its words.
There must and soon be mended the tone,
And cared not for the gender—
Who smile to think the day is done,
And jest at the relief

There may be one devoted heart,
That longs to recall
That sight in sadness than to part,
And lose it again.
There may be one who talks to mind
Some voice that sweetly thrilled,
When flowers amid the harp strings twined,
In music were distilled.

There may be one whose faith and truth,
Are holy to the end:
Who keeps in one eternal youth,
The glow of the departed—
And holy rest that one fond heart,
When sweetest harp and heard,
Take up no more their tuneful part,
At woman's self is stirred.

But tenderly the mimosal pays,
His tribute to the one.
Whose lip is but to him as wife to praise,
Since first she her began.
And sanctioned at this tenor to tell,
With bowed and broken will,
Why the wild harp he loved so well,
Has grown so cold and still.

Caitlin's finest hair and beauty,
And Mormont's mortar song,
Has waked not at the morning ray,
For ages old and long.
And since the harp of Caitlin's hand,
In music rings no more,
Where love's sweet morning rays have died,
And sunrise runs o'er.

The strings that sang for happiness,
Where listless hang again—
Where died and endless dream of bliss,
In mortal song and strain.
And none were left but those that sing
For dull and plaintive thought,
For God hath perished in the tongue,
And passions overwrought.

And they have left me now—again
The cup of joy is filled,
And through life the summer rain,
Above me not distilled.

I sing no more of perished things,
I cannot of the past,
And fancy, with her golden wings,
Has fled and fled away.

The strings are broken, broken still,
And no sweeps in the brass,
That would have had me to extol,
And sweeten the chords again.
The lover of the poet's lay,
The loud no more I feel,
All that I strive for has been won,
And rest is on my steel.

I have no sorrow, I have no pain,
No higher desire much,
To kindle once again to flame,
The lingering, waning spark
That burns on death—I fall requires,
That were a chorus for me,
Some last dissolving strain of love,
And freedom cannot be

The dead dull power that reflections,
Alone e'er shall be mine,
Comes ever when the day is won,
And fancy, like a spring
Let I shall never break the thrall,
Nor dream old visions, nor recall
The favor of the loved.

It breathes no more as in olden time,
The loved familiar strain
Of hope and good pursuit not in rhyme.
It will not breathe again
But I will hang it on the bough
That grows above it in repose,
And think old thoughts and deeds, and weep,
As nothing but a dream.

Original Tales.

GABLE END FARM.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER V.

But Aunt Nellie had to subdue her feelings, for Mr. Andrell's self-esteem would crush, in spite of reptiles and marked disapprobation. He was a fine young man, highly educated, and could speak well on any subject, and he fancied that little Nellie Loring suited him better than any lady in the land. He had met at the same time with Arthur Emlen, and parted from him with regret. He went to the West Indies, and remained there till the death of his father, which happened about two years before this period. His two sisters went to England for their education, and he went there to take them home. A desire to travel, and to see the United States, brought him here, and his fate did not end in finding in New York, was to ascertain where Arthur Emlen was to be found.

It was some time before Arthur could force himself to make his friend Andrell acquainted with the present state of his pecuniary affairs, for he fancied that his fond generous spirit would insist on offering aid. But Mrs. Emlen had now no longer any scruples, and on the first occasion that offered, Arthur was at his customary labor, she told Andrell all that had occurred, and what were their present prospects.

The young man remonstrated with Arthur, and showed the folly of persisting in his present pursuits, unless a little capital accrued, could so well spare, would advance him to a station more suited to his talents. But adversity in the first instance, had softened, and had subdued all ambitious desires, and Arthur could not fancy anything more congenial to his taste than that Andrell at last found the Farm, and spend all his evenings with the family. His mother was now nearly domesticated with them, and it was partly owing to her representations that Mr. Andrell and his sisters were introduced to Mrs. Loring and her daughters.

"Mr. Andrell," said Mrs. Loring, at length, "I will be plain with you. I perceive, and so does Aunt Nellie, that you are endeavoring to attach my youngest daughter to you. I love her dearly, but I never will consent to her marrying a foreigner. We never mean to separate—like is too short, Mr. Andrell, so I treat and hope you believe that I am in earnest, and that you will not visit here any more. Nellie is already more than partial to you, but her good sense, and her affection for me and her family, will soon make her forget you."

"My dear madam," said the young man, "you give me more pleasure than you can imagine. If I thought that dear little Nellie was attached to me, or partially to me, as you say, I would give up all my plantations and work on your pretty little farm here as long as I lived."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Mrs. Loring, "you could not do a half an hour's work in a day. Don't you know how it goes with our dear Arthur; why, if I did not favor him, that is, if I did not constantly call him off, for one thing or other, he would not get a second in."

"Dear Mrs. Loring, try me, and when you find I am fatal with labor, call me of also, for some little trifle or other,—call me in to chat and left out of sight."

"Well, I must see Arthur," said Mrs. Loring, "and I intend to persevere till you own me for a sen—indeed I have no other—you simpleton! thing is to take me at my word."

"If I thought you really would give up your West India estate," said the simple-hearted, unambitious woman, "and if Aunt Nellie made no objection, I would not care about my leaving you. But go away now, talk to your sisters and to your good friend Arthur, and in a day or two I will hear what you have got to say."

So poor Andrell had to leave the house without seeing Nellie, who sat crying in her little chamber, with three or four of her tender sisters hovering around her. "Partial," did her mother say? Why, she was strong in her first sight, and she had just told Aunt Nellie that if Arthur Emlen was sent away she should never be happy again.

It was such an uncommon occurrence to see any one of the family in tears, that those now shed by Nellie produced a most powerful effect.

"Let us all go down to mother, and beg her not to be hard with Mr. Andrell," said Marcia, who was now crying to keep poor Nellie company.

"No, let me go to her, foolish child," said Aunt Nellie. "There, Nellie, stop weeping or you will grow so ugly that Marcus Andrell will go away from you forever."

There was great rejoicing when they heard what a sacrifice the young man intended to make, as in Nellie, she did not doubt for a moment, in the least, so she soon dried her tears, and became cheerful again.

Mr. Brudenell, well as he thought of human nature, really did marvel that a young man brought up in so luxurious a manner, should give up his own country, to live and work as a laborer. To be sure, Nellie was a very lovely young woman, yet she had but few accomplishments. Her voice was sweet, and she could sing simple ballads exquisitely, and this, with a graceful person, and artless manners, were all that could well enough use, as Aunt Nellie said, when Mrs. Emlen was talking of her.

Mrs. Upton did not believe that Marcus Andrell was in earnest, though she imagined that his brother and sisters would have no objection to cousin Nellie, she did not doubt, as regretuous, in the least, so she soon dried her tears, and became cheerful again.

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than a year before, and Morgan, Jadin-like, re-encased the prize of connubial blood.

Burns indeed was, as Holmes had, by some chance ascribed, "all the poets that ever blest," the beloved friend of Mr. Caldwell, and to the dawning day to come gave the Elizabethan name that Mr. Caldwell was there to meet her and escorted her to the village. It was one of those females who, as Gordon in his History of the Rebellion remarks, "shared a knowledge of Hindo and the strongest attachment to the cause of their country; who even assisted the cause of their country, by means of remittance, by pecuniary and other aids of continuance, to bolster their suffering countrymen."

One of those bright creatures, of which America at that time furnished many, who, aroused by the distressed situation of their country,

"Poem.

Courage and faith, and greatness were in her,
Keen as a lance-point, and most strongly forth,
Shining in splendor, like a star of heaven,
Casting draughts of kindness from her."

To our prisoners in New York she had been indeed an angel of mercy. Many a wounded soldier had died blessing the gentle hand that alleviated his sufferings, and was struck out from beside his miserable bed during the awful struggle of dissolving nature

The day that the murderers met was to be perpetrated is said to have been ushered in by sad and mournful omens. It was with the accounts of the weeps that Mr. Caldwell spent the previous night, and the lady awoke her husband at day light with the account of a dark and fearful dream she had, and disturbed her repose. It was all ominous, but there were found none and soothing of her fears, and so deep was the impression made on her mind by it, that she arose from her bed and, calling to her household, who heard her dream related with all that superstitious awe that trivialized time engenders.*

At breakfast it was reported to Mr. Caldwell, who remarked, "It was singular that his dreams should have been of such a different nature, for they were of sweet faces and celestial songs, which soothed his spirit into a frame that had not known during the last and year.

At noon he left the Village, on such a day as any November there produces. When he reached the Point, he found Miss Livingston (only arrived), and after passing her in the carriage, returned for her trunk. The eye of the murderer was upon his victim, as Mr. Caldwell stooped to raise the trunk. Morgan exclaimed, as a veil for his treachery, "I do have confidence in you, Caldwell," handed his musket and fired. The ball entered his right ear to the heart, and his head fell a dashed forth, bathing the ground where he fell. The alarm was given, and a small party of Americans being near, Morgan was arrested without a struggle, appearing pleased with having killed murderous act he had committed. Life was not extinct, and Mr. Caldwell was raised from the ground, carried on a litter to the village, and placed in the house of one of his friends, where, with every care and love, who pronounced it a mortal wound.

His work was done. That high heart would soon cease to beat, and those eloquent lips be sealed in death. He begged to be raised, and like the last notes of the dying bird, so often in song, his parting enthusiasm was wasted by impressive than any preceding one.

We have said that he was a poet, but at the close the clouds were suddenly dispersed, and a flood of glory from the setting sun poured in, and through the window, illuminating every object in the room, and casting a halo around the existing group.

"I die, but God shall be with you," said he; "I see you not this hour of darkness I Keep; we shall the Sun of Liberty burst forth from the clouds which obscure it, and my country shall rejoice in its beams. Farewell! carry my blessing and forgiveness to him who trained for my friend; and now I yield me into Thy hands, oh thou Redeemer of sinners! my hope and my salvation!" His reason failed. Calm on the bosom of his God his soul had sunk to rest, and those who beheld that parting scene, that look of love and peace, learned that death was not that appalling thing it had before appeared.

Every step, was the wound made by his foe. The blood was crowded night and day by those who would ease none more than the face and form so venerated and beloved; and when the hour came to consign the body to its narrow home, it was not alone a family, but a community, mingling their lamentations and raising their united voices, crying, "Alas! alas! my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

He sleeps in the village church-yard of Elizabeth, beside the wife of his bosom. The God of all, he said that "the seed of the righteous shall not beg bread," and his children were adopted and reared with parental care, while the other children formed connexions of the happiest kind, and were often cited by the good people of Elizabeth as examples of Providential care. Their descendants are among some of the most respected families in New Jersey, and they will bear me witness that the leading facts in this simple narrative are literally true.

Peace to those ashes, then martyr to a holy cause! The name shall be emblazoned in our hearts, while the remembrance of thy wrongs and sufferings shall teach us more highly to value the blessings we enjoy, and more gratefully to bless the hand that bestows them.

NOTE.—A fancy sketch founded on these facts was published in 1833. Having undergone revision and correction, it is now given as a matter of history. A note of the author's name will be found in a book in one of the bureaus of the Treasury Department.

*The dream of the lady, and its effects upon her mind, occurred exactly as related.

Domestic Happiness

CURTAIN LECTURES.

MR. CADDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUSBAND" AS YET, AND HE KNOWS IT.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all! But I do wish I could control it! I only wish I could come back again. Little did I think Mr. Caddle, when you brought me home from church, that you would wedded wife Caddle, I say, till I think that I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done in the number five years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons and your white waistcoat and waistcoat, and a most beautiful in your buttonhole—but you will see like me. What! You never talked such nonsense! Ha! Mr. Caddle, you don't know what you talked that day—did I do. Yes: and you then sat at the table as if your face as I may say, was formed and moulded—and—What? Eh? Mr. Caddle, don't say that; I have not wiped my nose for—for—! If you please all may not be happy you ought to be gracious known! Yes, I will tell you what I mean, Mr. Caddle. You are beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You would have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em, and you—you—you—you—you did—What do you talk about? You couldn't act beside me to-day? That's nothing at all to do with it. You can't say that. You can speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! Is it when the head of the family speaks that he is to speak what a speech you made then! It was enough to drive every body crazy, only one of their hearts were breaking; and I couldn't see if it was yesterday, but you know I have been dear father's case, and how dear mother used to say, 'Caddle, my dear,' and I've had my thought with all your fine talk, how you'll use me to. How have you used me? Oh, Mr. Caddle, how can you look me in the face so well for you can't see you blush. How have you used me?

"Well that the same tongue could make a speech like that, and then act as if it didn't. How did you talk? Why, shamefully. Why—I'd soon say how you talked to Mrs. Wilkins—a Wing, nothing. What did you say about your self-denying nature? Eh? Your love? Eh? Did you or beneath you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? Eh? Mr. Caddle? Eh? If you don't speak I shall—I can from my bed. You didn't say it? What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband to make! I should see you if you didn't cake a pin for me, and that's why you had to have that's why you invited her to call on me to their faces. What? I said you were used to it, Caddle, what an ungrateful man you are.

"I suppose you'll say next I make you miss Miss Pretty-face? Eh? yes, don't tell me that her brother kept her without your knowing.

"What? Order? How can we? Oh! I see you do! I don't; but you suppose I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that there was all settled between you? And she must be a sweet person to come between man and wife's house? But I know why she came. Oh yes; she came to look after you. What? Eh? Mr. Caddle, you're not so bad as that. Eh? Yes, but the vanishing's plain enough. Now came to see how she should like the house—how she should like the place, how she—and all it isn't enough to break a card-case's heart to see how she—how she should like my dear children.

"Now, do you know anything about it—but of course that's it; I can't—can't see. Miss Pretty-face, but you don't know me. If you were a B. Of course that shows that there's no nothing to do. Older wife should you, elderly young wife? Do you think I don't see her looking at the oysters on the square as if she absolutely were some wretched cat and I one of them? No, I don't drive you mad, Mr. Caddle, and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in—what do you say? You might as well have married a hedgehog? Well, now it's come to something! But it's always the case! When were you're seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure it is so absurd. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a husband to be called by his wife! Well, if you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed, and be called names, you're much mistaken, Mr. Caddle.

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. I had some of the best—and since—and I only hope she enjoyed it. You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the breast, and that I always give to you. Now that's the last time you'll ever see Miss Prettyman. Oh, I'll not be such a fool again. Don't speak to me. I'll not speak to you. I'll not speak to you. I'll not speak to you

United States SATURDAY POST.

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☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for August*, is already on our table, and a superb number it is. The principal embellishment is a steel engraving, illustrative of "The Circassian." The fashion plate is colored, and gives the very latest Paris modes at the department. The "Ladies' National" has long been without a rival. Among the literary contributors to the present number is a lovely Mrs. Bremer, admirably translated for Mr. Peterson's Magazine. Mrs. A. Ryde's story of "Ellen Norbury" is also a good article. But the number is full of first-rate contributions in prose and verse, forming the best assortment published, and appealing to every taste. Terms as low as ever. At two dollars, this periodical ranks the above a dime, in many respects, while it surpasses them in the superb mezzotints, and in its choice reading for the sex.

"The second August, 1845, number of Graham's Magazine," as usual, is all the other numbers "The Circassian" is one of the most splendid steel engravings we have had occasion to see for a long time. Peterson seems determined not to be outdone in embellishments, and we are sorry to say that we have not room for the best he has ever issued. Upon the whole, &c.

Mr. PETERSON is more unpretending with his Magazine than are the other publishers, although he insists that his valuable mention are equally as great as any of them—besides, he furnishes it to subscribers at only two dollars per annum, in advance, which is just one third less than the recommendation of the other Magazines. We shall speak of the Magazine at length in the October number. Good bread is the best and most economical food—all half-and-half bread is very nearly as far from the acceptation to a sense worse than bad.

TRUTH THE STRENGTH OF FREEDOM, is the title of a discourse, pronounced by Rev. Dr. Bethune of this city, on the 4th inst. It is a discourse on the duties of the citizen, with some allusions to the life and death of Andrew Jackson. The high reputation of the author is more than sustained in it, and the publishers, Messrs. Mezzel & Sarmuth, have issued it in the best manner. We hope all who had the happiness to hear it pronounced, enjoyed an opportunity which they can never forget.

HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, Leesburg & Blackstone, and Zieber & Co.* No. 33 of this splendid publication has begun it down to the Vth chapter of the book of Isaiah. The number contains two large engravings; the Resurrection in the Valley of Dry Bones, and the Exodus of the Fiery Furnace. There are also numerous side engravings, and exceptional typography.

THE ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. This work, in course of publication by the Harpers, ornamented with beautiful designs by Darley, will be completed in about three hundred numbers, nearly sixty of which have been issued in the usual handsome popular octavo style of the publishers. Messrs. *Zieber & Co.*, *T. B. Peterson*, and *Leesburg & Blackstone*, have it for sale.

MEDICAL DICTIONARY. England's Medical Dictionary, in course of publication by *Harper & Brothers*, is highly esteemed by the profession. No. 20 of this work, as it has proceeded, may be had of *Leesburg & Blackstone*, and of *Zieber & Co.*

THE HEAD OF PERSEUS, by the author of "The Ashlin," is the title of No. 37 of *Harper & Brothers'* Select Library of Novels. It is reprinted by *Leesburg & Blackstone*.

Personal News.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT. — Wm. Nelson, Consul for the port of Panama, in the place of Benjamin Morgan, resigned.
George H. Lemoine, of Pennsylvania, as Consul for the city of Bordeaux, in the place of Benjamin C. Bidwell, resigned.
Joseph Cassin, of New York, to Consul for the port of Genoese, in Scotland, in the place of Thos. McCabe, resigned.
Thomas W. Gibbs, of Pennsylvania, as Consul for the port of Belize, in Honduras, in the place of Geo. Fisher, resigned.
James L. Sanchez, of Florida, as Consul for the port of Carthagena, in New Granada, in the place of Rudolph Kassen, resigned.
Benjamin Sherman, Register of the Land Office at Ionia, Michigan, vice Ira Porter, whose commission will expire August 1, 1845.
Joseph F. Sumner, as Marshal of the United States, for the District of Michigan, in the place of Ira Porter, whose term has expired by his resignation.
Thomas Randall, of Georgia, Collector at St. Augustine, Florida, vice Augustin S. Clayton, resigned.
Thomas B. Atmore, of Pennsylvania, as Consul of the United States for the port of Matagorda, in the place of Peter Foute Rice, in the place of Gordon Bradley, resigned.

☞ The Boston papers state that the charitable bequests of the late Mr. Daniel Waldo, will amount to about $300,000 : $10,000 is given to the Unitarian cause : $40,000 to the Mechanic Asylum, and $10,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital. The bequest to the American Board of Foreign Missions is said to be $40,000—and the same bequest which has ever been made to that Board.

☞ Rev. Henry Ware, of Cambridge, Mass., died at that place on Saturday last. He was in the eighty-first year of his age. Dr. Ware was a gentleman of high character and abilities, greatly respected by all who knew him. He was the father of William Ware, of Troy, who have attained celebrity in the literary world by various publications.

☞ There is a young giant growing in Lexington, Me. He is nine years old, weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, and is a very cheerful little fellow! His father and mother are likewise on medium size. He has been growing at this tremendous rate for about two years, and without the aid of any artificial means, or electricity or gunnery.

☞ Mr. Lyman Webster, of Coshocton Co., Miss., informs the editor of the Southern Shield, that he has killed, with his dogs and gun, from the 1st of January, 1844, to the 1st of April, 1845, 108 bears! one of which weighed 371 pounds—during this time he had but four dogs killed. Mr. Lyman Webster must be a second Davy Crockett.

☞ The Ashes of Commodore Edward Preble, which have remained undisturbed for thirty-eight years in the family tomb, in the Eastern cemetery, Portland, were recently removed by the order of his son to a new tomb, where which he intends to erect an appropriate monument.

☞ We learn that the Rev. Charles Eden Browne, of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and formerly a resident of Baltimore, died at Washington City, where he was stationed, on Tuesday week, after a short but severe illness.

☞ Robert Neilson, Esq., a worthy and respectable citizen of Baltimore, a printer by profession, a gentleman and philanthropist, died in that city on Monday, after an illness of but a few weeks. He was widely known, esteemed and respected.

☞ Gov. Shunk has granted a free pardon to Mr. J. Heron Foster, formerly editor of the "Lunenburg Age," who was convicted of a libel on Judge Grier last Fall. Mr. F. was fined $100 by the Court of Quarter Sessions this Spring.

☞ Governor Shunk has selected George W. Bowman, of Bedford county, to be Adjutant General of the State of Pennsylvania, in place of General Adam Diller, declining re-appointment.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

French Church Statistics—Italian Bandditti—British Aristocracy—Roman Statistitics—Acts of Generosity—Public Baths—Wee Investiones—Turkish Slave Trade—Bowie Knives—Horrible War Implements.

Bristol, England, July 3rd, 1845.

It is truly gratifying to learn from the statistics of France the Ministers of religion and their pay are regulated by the Government. Thus, annually :

	Francs.
Catholic Worship,	32,500,000
Protestant do	1,650,000
Israel do	118,000

Catholicism speaking, France is divided into 86 dioceses, at the head of each of which, a Bishop is placed with the following pay :

	Francs.
Archbishop of Paris,	15,000
Four Archbishops, (each)	15,000
Forty-five Bishops, (each)	10,000
Parish Priests, (generally)	1,500
Curates, (generally)	1,000

The Protestant Church of France is composed of—viz. Paris—

	Francs.
Sub Congregants, (each)	2,000
Ministers in provinces, (each)	2,000
Sub do do	1,000
Old do do	1,500

The Jews receive —

	Francs.
Grand Rabbi of Paris,	3,000
Two Consistorial,	2,000
Rabbis,	300, 1,200

Besides the above allowances, the above churches and congregations are in possession of unexpended property to the extent of 4,774,000 francs.

One of those romantic tales of banditti, so common in this country, is actual life, it was given me a winter, near Rome. A land-steward having received his rents, was returning to Rome with the amount, 80 hundred weight, which was joined by three men dressed as hunters—each armed with a gun. They demanded his money, and he gave it them, but implored his life, as he had a wife and four children. They promised to spare him—but on receiving his money, and blow came still his. They, however, observed that they would render the matter as easy as possible—and therefore they gave him a choice of being shot or hanged in the Forest one. He chose the latter. They tied him, hands and feet, and threw him in. By a providence effected, a broke limb

Selected Poetry.

THE SISTER ANGELS.

FROM PEARLY'S ALMANAC.

Beautiful thought! as we wander on
Through dark and stony paths of sorrow,
Sisters are walking before us,
Showing the Eden land to-day.

And, sweet to behold, the angel joy
In whose bright eyes our Father's love is
Reflected, and shines on us through
A fond reflection of the glory.

From Heaven two beauties bends on you and, with soft and fairer our path to guide;
Faith's the name of the one, and Hope's the other
Harmless and Christ, with joy to-day.

Why the seasons are broken and
The spoken figures on a dial;
It was Truth—and we saw it in a cloud,
Seen on the shaded face of Trial.

Virtue, more radiant than the skies,
Time's road of pleasures and shame;
Heaven's Eternity, and Love's Paradise,
While Trial on Blessing sheds a charm.

Sometimes Blessing, sometimes Trial,
About the pilgrim's story is seen;
One leaves a company closer to come
Her sister with its golden charm.

With the Trial the threshold-stone had cried,
The unbidden angel. Blessing, sprinkled
Her precious ointment on the last.

Sweet sweet and holy comfort time,
The sweetness' sweet a perfume fled
And the dear face with sunshine
Illumines all our mortal life.

The false one never shows the glory,
Oh, dazzling mystery of Love!
That we from shame should think our cause,
From fraud and rampart hell our dove!

Then who is lonely must go deep,
Where merchant-gallery grass and rock,
And the fierce billow, thirsty sea,
Hisses against the smelting lee!

Have silence why gave it to the heart!
The surge that drives the wind we hear,
A gentle light for sweet silver,
Pointing a rainbow in the foam!

So adieu, then, Fortune's roaring hills,
With fire and cloud the blast descends,
And Hope's stained skin from the waves
Like some lost poor love shrieks and bends.

Sometimes Blessing, sometimes Trial,
The swelling storm of fear and night,
And in the blackness of "Trial,
Kindles a rainbow of delight.

Nor can alone, but something brave,
Vapory life and a thousand sighs,
The brightest of a thousand suns,
The blackest of a thousand skies.

Note.—Mr. Le Bas, the late Principal of Cheltenham College, has a beautiful passage on angels as one of his discourses. He says that they are not to be compared with the friends and guardians of men: that here we are told that they are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." The idea of God are, doubtless, dwelling in secret and unrevealed light. But the very life of their joy consists in that they behold the face of our Father which is in heaven; and from the plenitude of their blessedness assistance is reflected back. So that we may conceive the revealed light to be filled with remembrance, and not imperfect though they be, of the supreme and necessary Godhead. And hence it is that they clothe all light, these images of the Divine love, are necessarily and naturally the same with those of the Divine wisdom. Wherever God commands them, they are the servants who do the errors of severe and corrupting.

* St. Matthew, xviii. 10.
† Or this phenomenon a description may be found in any popular book on science.

Amusing Story.

THE HOCUS POCUS.

BY MERRIEL C. YOUNG.

Partly concealed within the border of the wood, which skirts a scene where a prairie

"Stretches in beauty lonely too,"

is situated a charming little cottage, nestled in shade and seclusion, beneath the foliage of overshadowing maple. On the piazza in front of this dwelling, a venerable sinner (named Gordon) was seated one summer afternoon, building dreams of thrift as he surveyed his plantation, enamored with heavy crops promising plenty. Now, as our souvenir dreams are fleeting, and gardens close, it is no strange that his, although pleasant, was soon terminated by some one shouting:

"Halio, old dad!"

Halio yourself, and don't see how it feels!" he retorted, quite promptly, considering all the circumstances; "and, besides, I'm not old, by a long sight, as you'll find out before you get through with me."

"Excuse me," said the stranger. "maybe you ought be as clever as to tell a chap why some that's so wheat field up aside the timber won't you?"

"Wal, I will, I own it."

"Now say!" said the stranger. "But sure it might strike you that allow four-legged animals and such critters to be in it."

"But I don't," said Gordon.

"I see a hoss in it, though, as I sum along," remarked the stranger dryly.

"A hoss in my wheat!" exclaimed the sorker.

"Yes, indeed!"

"Fire and lightning! Here, Bimbret! Santa Ana—here, here!"

His call had the effect to bring forth two dogs; one, a hound, with legs laid as long as an eastern schoolmaster's, the other a bull, the peeking quick of whose tail was the best hint you to mistrust that he was ever fond of what the knowing ones call the "grab game." Attended with these, he trotted off in "hot haste" to the gateway that takes us out on the road, but we tagged his tongue, urging them on to the pursuit.

The young stranger, after wagging his chin a little way, and indulging in a right merry chuckle, made back experience to enter, with a call to the cottage door,—and then, without ceremony—into the parlor. Here finding himself secure, he commenced a survey of the apartment. Before his head would turn to browse either to obtain or admire the elegance combined in every article around him, he was contained by a grab of soft, well-melody, encircled by a pair of legs that would, in the opinion of a creature of beauty and loveliness differ have his consent. Then, with the characteristic flutter, the very personification of timidness—for she was startled, though, not frightened—her red blue eyes were turned on the guest; and in hastily withdrawing, to doing which, she found herself in contact with another countenance changed from bright to gladness—she uttered the name of Henry Leslie—and then ran—not out of the door, but smack on the young gentleman. What an extraordinary act—in fact—a fact. She let him—let him—kiss her; and declared her independent language—why what did she get them? Your conversation will, perhaps, suffice to explain.

Clarissa," said the stranger. "Clarissa my beautiful all in all, how do you claim you as my own."

"Oh, Henry, I fear our hopes will never change to realities. I love you; were, very much, but my father declares we are poor—we are a Yankee lawyer. He is obstinate and will not consent." And she may dried, but from the lady's cheek.

In out heat, Clarissa," said Henry Leslie as I can and will remove his prejudice. I now love to work on a farm; and as he does not know me, I will make him consider me another name, and by the merit of honest worth and virtue, win a place in his affections.

Their hopes united, and consequently their anxieties allied by the mutual confidence, the two seated themselves on the sofa and enjoyed those delightful moments of love given young hearts, which a curiosity of love gives young hearts. When Gordon returned, however, he found his company stranger alone. Clarissa having deemed it prudent to retire at the sound of her father's footsteps. Gordon was glad that the stranger had turned: he wished to give him a "mollop" for he had scattered his field over and found no lower.

"Now don't blame me, old man," said the Yankee, "for sure that my name is Dick Quick, I have seen a hoss in your crop, if that are very wheat as I kum along."

"Oh, but old Gordon waxed wroth at this heaving that had the cruelty to draw a mere skeleton from his field: yet the Yankee contrived to calm his wrathful feelings so as to bring himself to the sucker to "show things," showing the stranger the remaining sentences. And they might "hocus pocus" our sentence as much as they pleased, the old gentleman looked in vain for his cattle well with the consent of all that he had confused from Yankee trickery, even from the time he "dropped a clock from the Connecticut product, which he and Aunt Dinah had wound, down to the period when the New York peddler wished to marry Clarissa.

"Sir!" said Leslie, for he had been instantly cautioned as soon as young fellow, credited with a handful of dimes; but being somewhat gilled with an excellent amount of intellectual powers, he had been induced to forsake the natural avocation, for one, "if the power is now reachable security for their good behavior. Whenever there is a row, the policeman rushes up and snatches the offender and pummels him into a ball. This he says he keeps in his left hand, while in the right he has a club. Resistance is in vain. The Chinaman values each head of this system as his life is spoiled if an element he finds it in danger.

EPITAPH UP AN AVARICIOUS MAN.
Here lies a man who died
Of a disease that's very rare;
He was always fond of money,
And never spent a cent.

"Why, you white man my linen white," said a young man to a washerwoman, "it's always the case with you—you are so all fired bilious!" was the reply.

A young man told his friend that he treasured that he was struck his heart against a sharp nail. "Why do you sleep without your shoes, was the reply?

A doctor in New York has discovered a method of exacting sleep. He can take out—but it wants a nap.

"Be sure!" as the potter said to the cup of clay, "I will be horse first," sensibly responded the mud.

A Love Story.

A MODERN "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER, FOR JULY.

An Eastern correspondent, in a gossiping letter to the writer, speaks of Mr. Cooper and in his personal history. It is quite too graphic and characteristic to be lost to the public. Nevertheless I do not know what would have been the result had not a circumstance occurred propitious to the lover.

Gordon, very unjustly prosecuted by a neighbor. Arriving at the court at the time appointed (it was a Saturday) he found that every body there whom he wanted to see, but his own lawyer. The Justice allowed him to delay to the following day, but the law added—still no lawyer. His case soon no light—many friends, he went and he beat by a hundred dollars; yet he knew he could yet contest the suit successfully himself. Try a man like him, independent to obstinacy, such a situation, without alternative, was preparing to the extreme. As the Justice was declaring that the case was decided against Gordon, Dick Quick, alias Leslie, whispered to Gordon:

"Maybe, sensi' as how your lawyer ain't in the case you'll let me speak for you, and I'll do it for nothing."

Gordon opened his eyes wide and stared at him.

"I don't think you need hang off, for I'll pay costs and damages, and give you a year's work if I don't beat."

Gordon complied, partly from despair, partly because he never knew Dick to fail in anything he undertook.

Five minutes elapsed, and Leslie was in his element. The morning of the next afternoon

The morning up of some half dozen suspicious witnesses, failing to fight of half an many half fledged lawyers, the astonishment which the audience evinced, as the stranger at his speaking, he merged into his own peculiar style of speaking, he merged into his own peculiar style of speaking, he merged into his own peculiar style of